

Sequatchee Valley News.

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NO 38

M. E. WALKER IN GALVESTON

Delighted With the Indomitable City by the Sea.—
Is Stuck on Texas.

Editor News:

On March 12th J. L. Beene, my wife and I boarded the inter-urban car here for Galveston, Texas, a distance of about 50 miles. Travelled through some of the prettiest country I ever laid my eyes on. Saw sweet potatoes set and large herds of cattle grazing on nice grass fields, looked as green as our fields in May. Galveston is as nice a looking town as I have ever been in. Saw some of the large ships, one especially I will mention, it being a battleship, two large guns mounted on top. I just failed to step it, but I think I would be safe in saying it is from two to three hundred feet in length. It is certainly something interesting to see all those ships anchored along the bay and then just look as far as your eyes can and not see anything but water and blue sky. The wind was blowing and the large waves were running pretty high.

There were several people in bathing the day we were there. They would go out about waist deep to meet the waves and as large ones would come they would jump up as the wave was about to strike them. If they failed to jump they would get knocked down. One man came very near getting drowned, they had to lead him out.

I told in my other letter about this town, only not half. This is going to be one of the best towns of the state from what I can learn. They are now taking steps to widen and deepen the bayou. This is for ships of larger dimensions to run up to Houston to enable them to ship off larger amounts of freight at a time than they can with the ship channel as it is now. This is a town that manufactures almost anything you want.

Well, I attended the cattle-men's convention and heard some real good speaking, and they had some of the finest cattle I ever saw. Also I attended the auction sale of the cattle. Some of the registered Jersey cows brought \$325, \$310 and \$315. A ten-month heifer brought \$175, and all along while I stayed. Late that evening when all cattle had been moved except one very large Holstein cow which stood haltered to a tree, lonesome, looking for company, I asked a man standing by why they had

not taken her away. He said a lady had bought her and said she paid \$1,250 for her, extra large cow and gave three gallons at a milking, three times a day, and four lbs. of butter per day. That is hard for me to believe. Enough of that!

I went last Monday about 75 miles southwest of here to look at some land I heard of that is for sale. I saw on my trip Irish potatoes being worked out, and the land that is for sale runs from \$35 to \$75, \$80 and \$100 per acre. The uncleared land has live oak, ash, elm, pecan and some cottonwood, black chocolate and enough sand to clean from the plow. If I was only 35 or 40 years of age I would invest there. I think in ten years from now that land will not be on the market.

We will leave here for the northern part of the state about April 1, and aim to be home about the first of May. J. L. Beene left here Tuesday to go to G. K. Beene's, his brother's. We stopped at Dallas on our way down here, stayed there three or four hours, looked around some, inquired for Geo. Henson and "Lone Star," but did not find any who knew them. I went out where they were putting in the foundation for a large building supposing I might find some of them.

Sorry to hear of so many deaths among our friends since we left home.

M. E. WALKER,
Houston, Texas.

NOTICE, DEMOCRATS

All democrats of Marion county are hereby called to meet in mass convention in the courthouse at Jasper at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of April 3, for the purpose of perfecting the county organization, and formulating plans for the nomination of candidates for county offices, subject to the elections in August. In this presidential year it is of utmost importance that the democratic party in this and all counties reach a thorough degree of organization, in order that the national party may have an influential vote in the settlement of the national questions of vital importance which the people will be called on this year to adjust.

This is an important meeting, and all democrats alive to the interest of the party are urged to be in attendance.

ROY M. WOODFIN,
Sec. Marion Co. Dem. Ex. Com.

James Hewlett McGhee.

James Hewlett McGhee, aged 43 years, died early Saturday morning at the home of his mother, Mrs. Eliza McGhee, in this city, after an illness of about a week with pneumonia, and was buried Monday afternoon in the city cemetery, the Rev. Noel H. Cardwell, pastor of the M. E. Church here, officiating. Funeral services were in the home, and were attended by a large number of friends of the bereaved family. Surviving him besides his mother, are three brothers, Charles, Joe and John, all of whom reached South Pittsburg in time to attend the funeral.

Hewlett McGhee was an upright industrious citizen of South Pittsburg for over thirty years, and leaves a wide circle of friends to mourn his loss and respect his memory.—So. Pittsburg Hustler.

Physical courage can be bought cheap, but moral courage is unpurchasable at any price.

SAVED FROM HAREM



Armenian Girls Rescued from Turks Being Taken to Near East Relief Home.

The three pretty Armenian girls in the auto are taking a real "joy ride," joyful having another meaning from that generally associated with auto riding here. They have been rescued from the harem of a Turk after four years of shameful servitude and are being taken to one of the Near East Relief rescue homes. No wonder they are smiling for the first time since their captivity. The Near East Relief is caring for many thousands of these girls until they can find their relatives. Also it is working to save 250,000 orphans and over a million adults from starvation this winter. That is why it is making a nation wide appeal for funds to carry on its noble work.

Paris, Texas

Special to the News.

All eastern Texas and Oklahoma was visited by heavy rain and electrical storms last night. Have not heard of any damage to amount to anything. We were beginning to need a rain to soften the hard crust that was forming on the ground. Everything looks nice and green today. Gardens look nice. All that is up in my garden looks well. Even the young weeds that are just now beginning to come up, look like they were going to do well, but I will show them a little later that weeds are out of place in this garden. Potatoes are coming up. Mustard and lettuce will soon do to start eating on. Beans are sprouting and are very near up. Onions are up. Radishes look nice, but I do not like that thrifty look of the weeds. For a fact everything has a very flattering look for good crops in Texas. Peaches are nearly safe now, but the hail storms ruin more fruit than by freeze or frost. When they are half grown a hail storm comes and everyone that is hit by a hail stone is ruined and will not be a good, developed peach. Will have a green or hard side on it, and we have a lot of hail in the spring season.

I was glad to see Jasper had decided to build their cotton gin. It will employ several hands and when a place gets started getting different industries, others will come, but it will not do to plant a cotton crop expecting to get the high prices that have been paid for cotton and cotton laborers the last two years. If cotton brings 20c next fall, it will not pay to hold it for more. I have seen cotton sell for less than 4c one time. That was in 1894. I have seen it sell for less than 10c several times, and just a few times over 15c. Cotton-growing is a good safe business, but not a get rich quick game by any means, but it is a crop that will always bring the cash. The amount of profit there will depend on the cost of getting your land prepared and keeping it so. I am of the opinion it is too cold there to risk giving up the corn, wheat and oats and other crops until it is tried out. It takes a lot of hot sunshine to make cotton and the seasons there are too short for cotton. I don't give this as expert advice or as an experienced cotton raiser. I never raised a stalk of cotton in my life, but I have been associated with cotton growers for nearly thirty years. What I know about raising cotton is by observation, hearing farmers talk who do know. But I hope it will prove a

success and open a new industry for that county. I am in hopes that it will prove to be all they are expecting it to and then some but I am taking room for something I know nothing about, not much more than the promoter who is going to make East Tennessee a cotton-growing country. I hope they will make it pay. I have no interest in trying to discourage those who are interested in the enterprise. I do not know who is back of the enterprise and possibly they are much better posted than I. As I have no personal interest and was not called on for what I said, I will say no more. Lone Star.

SEQUATCHIE CO. GIRL BECOMES BRIDE

Miss Esther Lewis and Gaither Johnson, of Dunlap, were married Sunday morning at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Riley Lewis, of near Dunlap. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. O. C. Wright, the couple and friends were entertained at the home of the groom's father, Bunyan Johnson, with a sumptuous dinner. Mrs. Johnson visited Sequatchie a number of times while her brother, Rev. E. R. Lewis, was pastor of M. E. Church, South, here, and has a number of friends in this section who wish her well.

SOLDIER LATE WAR DIES AT CROSSVILLE

Virgil Adams, aged 24, died at the home of his father, J. R. Adams, at Adam's Ford, near Crossville, Monday night, Mar. 15, after an illness of about ten days with pneumonia. He was a soldier in the late war, and spent fourteen months at Camp Gordon. He was a young man of splendid character. Interment was made in the city cemetery at Crossville Saturday afternoon, after funeral services in the M. E. Church, South, conducted by Rev. C. F. Snodgrass and J. W. Dorton.

Slow Letter Service.

A peculiar thing in postoffice affairs develops this week when the News reaches C. W. Quarles at Laveene, Ariz., while letters addressed by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Quarles, of Jasper, fail to reach him. However, the family is well, so a telephone communication with them Tuesday proved, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Burleson's postoffice will deliver their letters after as long a detension as suits it.

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UNCLE TOM'S LETTER

My grandfather Smith was called a witch doctor, and he did claim that distinction and worked against the witches. My grandmother said granddaddy could do things no one else could do, and told me that granddaddy was going off one morning and he called her and Aunt Johanna and the negro women, some three or four, and told them there would likely come an old woman to see them, and for them to be sure and not give her a thing.

Sure enough, late in the afternoon they saw an old woman coming up the road with a budget on her arm. She came to the gate, hung her budget up and walked up to the door. No one invited her in. Grandmother said the negroes' eyes looked like a full moon on a clear night they were so scared, and so was grandmother and Johanna. Directly she asked for a drink of water. No one spoke or offered her a drink of water. Pretty soon she got up and went into one of the negro cabins and asked her for a pipe of tobacco. She never let on like she heard her, but jumped into bed and covered up head and ears.

She went back to the big house and took her seat. Supper came on, and no one invited her to eat, bedtime came and she went and got her budget, opened it and spread down some old rags and laid down. In a little while granddaddy came home, but never paid any attention to her, not even speaking. Went to bed and lay watching the old woman. Away in the night she took a fit and the froth just rolled out of her mouth. Granddaddy jumped out of bed and called to my grandmother to bake a thin hoe cake of bread as quick as she could. Grandfather took it and split it open and wiped the froth from the old lady's lips and asked her which was the meanest dog on the place. She designated one of Uncle Tom's hounds. He called the dog and gave him the bread and the dog and old lady left that night, and neither was ever heard of again. Uncle Tom was the maddest man you ever saw about his dog.

I believe my grandmother told the truth. I believe there were witches and that my great-

grandfather Smith was a wizzard and practiced the black art, whatever that was. He said just before he died that he didn't have any son or daughter he could teach, they were all too high tempered and too easily offended. My father himself said Granddaddy could do strange things.

UNCLE TOM.

CIGARETTE FIRES WAGON LOAD HAY

An unusual conflagration occurred near Jasper Monday when a wagon load of corn and hay caught a fire from a cigarette carelessly let fall by the negro driver. The team belonged to Lee Turner, of the ridges near here, who had sent a couple of darkies after the load. The wagon was loaded with corn, with hay on top, and the burning cigarette stub caused a conflagration which quickly got beyond control, and the mules were released from the wagon barely in time to save their lives. The wagon bed was also destroyed and the loss is probably nearly \$100.

PRISONERS ELOPE FROM TRACY JAIL

Tracy City, Mar. 26.—Last night the two prisoners incarcerated in Tracy City jail got away by removing the brick until a hole was made large enough for them to crawl thru. Spencer Dove was in jail for larceny and housebreaking and the Nunley boy was serving a sentence of four months for refusing to answer the grand jury's questions. There is no one to blame except the jailor, who is said to have left them out of their cells.

Stockholders Meeting.

A meeting will be held at Jasper Friday afternoon for the purpose of organizing the new commercial bank. Mr. A. R. Pryor, or who was here Friday, assures us that no trouble is being experienced in raising the \$75,000 capital stock asked for, and a large number of the leading business men of this section are interested therein. The organization will be made in the office of A. R. Pryor, Inc.

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